The One I Loved Without seeing

A Letter She Never Read

Imran Badhana

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About The Book

The One I Loved Without Seeing is an emotional journey of love, longing, and unspoken words. Through eleven beautifully written chapters, the book captures the delicate threads of relationships — some cherished, some broken, and some that never truly began.

The story moves through moments of rain-soaked memories, voices that stir the soul, silent heartbreaks, and promises that remain unfulfilled.

It is not just a love story, but a reflection of human emotions — the kind that stay hidden in the corners of the heart. Every page carries a touch of poetry, a breath of nostalgia, and a gentle reminder that love can exist beyond sight, and even beyond time.

This book is for anyone who has ever loved in silence, waited without hope, or cherished someone without ever holding their hand. It speaks to the dreamers, the believers, and the ones who know that sometimes the most beautiful connections are the ones we can never fully explain.

Author's Note

Writing The One I Loved Without Seeing has been more than just putting words on paper — it has been a journey into the deepest corners of my heart. Every scene, every sentence, carries a piece

of me, woven from real emotions and moments that shaped who I am today.

Some loves are seen, celebrated, and remembered in the open. But there are also those loves that remain hidden — known only to the heart that carries them. This book is born from such a love. A love that never demanded a face, yet touched my soul in ways I can never fully describe.

I did not write this story to impress, but to express. If, while reading, you find a part of yourself in these pages — in the longing, the silence, or the hope — then this journey has been worth it.

To those who have ever loved without being seen, waited without asking why, or held on without a promise — this book is for you.

— Imran Badhana

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CHAPTER ONE A Heart Scattered In The Rain

It was one of those days when the sky carried a strange sadness, and the wind wandered like a lost soul. The weather was moody, and I was sitting alone in my room. In front of me sat a cup of tea, still warm, untouched. My phone lay silently on the side table. I had placed it away, choosing instead to enjoy the mood of the moment.

Outside, the thunder growled suddenly, and a chill passed through my chest. I felt a little scared—but it wasn't the kind of fear that makes you run. It was the kind that reminds you of your loneliness.

Rain began to fall softly, like heaven was letting go of its tears. I got up and walked to the window. Standing there, I watched the rain trickle down the glass, painting streaks on the world outside. I smiled faintly and thought to myself, *"If someone special was with me in this moment… how peaceful it would be. How complete."*

The thought lingered in my chest like a sigh. I stepped away from the window, sat back in my chair, picked up my cup, took a slow sip, and set it down again. The taste of tea mixed with the smell of rain—it was comforting.

Wanting to add some soul to the moment, I picked up my phone and played a song. The music filled the room like a soft embrace. Everything felt still… until my phone rang.

An unknown number.

I stared at the screen. The phone rang three, four times. Something in me told me to pick it up.

—Hello?‖ I said.

A sweet, unfamiliar voice replied, —Hello… how are you?‖

I froze for a second. It was a girl. Her voice had a softness I couldn't explain—it felt like a melody.

Before I could respond, she said, —Sorry, wrong number,‖ and the call ended.

But the voice stayed with me.

Curiosity nudged me. I sent a message to the number: *"Who are you?"*

The reply came quickly:
"Didn't I just say it was a wrong number?"

Still intrigued, I typed again:
"Okay fine… but at least tell me your name?"

Another reply blinked on the screen:
"Why does it matter to you?"

There was something about her tone. Bold. Different. It wasn't rude—it was sharp, confident. That made me smile. I liked it.
She didn't feel like just another girl.

I asked again.

And this time, she replied:
"My name is Ayesha. And please… don't message again."

I smiled again. *Ayesha.*
Something about the way she said it made me want to know her more. But I respected her words. I replied, *"Alright, no problem."*
Then I turned off my phone and placed it back on the table.

I leaned back, laughing a little to myself, lost in the strangeness of the moment.

Barely two minutes later, my phone buzzed.

"I hope you're not upset by what I said."

A grin appeared on my face. Outside, the rain was still falling. And now, inside my heart, something had started to bloom.

I replied:
"Not at all. It was actually nice talking to you."

From that day forward, our conversations continued. Slowly, without realizing it, I found myself looking forward to her messages. My mood lifted. My room felt lighter. So did my heart.

That evening, my mother called out from downstairs, ―Imran! What are you doing up there all alone? Come down!‖

I went downstairs, and for the first time in days, I laughed with everyone. Talked like I hadn't in a long time. My family stared at me like I was a new person.

Mom asked, ―What's got you so happy today?‖

I smiled softly and said, ―Nothing... just like that.‖

A few days passed. I was in my room again, holding my diary. Writing poetry, like I often did when emotions had no other place to go. My phone buzzed again—Ayesha.

"Imran, how are you?"

I replied, *"I'm good, Alhamdulillah. And you?" "I'm*

fine too," she said.

I stared at the screen for a moment, then typed: *"Ayesha… can I tell you something?"*

"Yes, say it," she replied.

I hesitated. Then wrote: *"I*

think… I've fallen for you."

There was silence.

Then her message came:
"Please stop. Don't say such things."

My heart cracked a little.
"But it's true," I replied softly.

She wrote back:
"If it is… then I'm sorry."

And just like that, the sweetness in her voice turned into silence.

I stopped messaging her. Shut my phone. Sat in the quiet of my room, thinking of what I had just done. The first time I told someone how I felt—and I got rejected. Not even gently.

My heart hurt.

And yes, my ego too.

Ayesha… who does she think she is? How could she say no just like that?

Three or four days passed. I didn't contact her. Didn't want to. Tried to stay busy, tried to stay strong.

But fate, as always, had other plans.

Ayesha lived about 50 kilometers away, in a village where some of my relatives stayed. One day, for some family work, I had to go there.

By 6 PM, I reached her village and entered my relative's home. After the usual greetings, I sat in the kitchen with them and sipped tea.

Suddenly, my phone buzzed.
It was Ayesha.

"Assalamualaikum Imran… you're here?"

I replied, *"Walaikumassalam, yes."*

I guessed she must have seen me. But I didn't know what she looked like. I had only imagined her—maybe someone very elegant, very "high-level", like the attitude she always showed.

"I'll meet you tomorrow morning," she messaged.

"Okay," I replied, casually.

Next morning, I woke early, freshened up, and drank tea. I was in the room when I heard her voice outside.

I stepped out.

Two girls stood there.

I recognized one. The other I didn't know.

Then the unfamiliar one said, *"Assalamualaikum."*
. It was the same voice. *It's her,* I thought.

"Are you Ayesha?" I asked.

"Yes," she smiled. *"How did you guess?"*

"Just a feeling," I replied.

But truthfully, I was shocked.

She was just… a normal girl. Dusky skin. Simple. No glow. No charm. And that attitude? Now it made no sense.

Was this the girl I stayed awake for? The one who said no with so much pride?

She said, *"I'll come again in the evening. I have to go now."*

I just nodded, not saying much. My heart had gone quiet. Something didn't feel right.

That evening, I didn't want to meet her again. I went out to play cricket with a boy named Zain, my relative's son.

After the game, I said, —Let's go to your house.‖He agreed. I had no idea that this small decision… was about to change my entire story.

That day, when I chose to go with Zain to his house, I didn't know I was making the most important decision of my life.

Because what happened there became a memory etched deep into my soul—forever alive, forever unforgettable.

And maybe… it's only because of that moment that this book even exists.

Because the real story begins now.

A story that brought sorrows—yet never felt like pain.

A journey where heartbreak felt strangely peaceful…

Where some losses didn't feel like loss at all.

Something changed in me that day. Something quiet, something eternal.

This isn't just a love story.

It’s the story of what love leaves behind— And

how sometimes, in losing someone,

We find ourselves.

CHAPTER TWO The Voice That Touched My Soul

It was evening. The sun had disappeared behind the clouds, and the sky had a soft, dusky glow. The air was cool and calming. In my hands, I held a bat, and in Zain’s hands was a ball.

I called out to him, ―Zain, come here. Keep the bat and ball inside. Let’s go to your house.‖

Zain came to me, took the bat, and went inside to put everything away. I stood waiting in the park. Soon he returned, and together, we started walking towards his house. Just then, I heard someone call out from behind.

It was Baaji, one of my relatives who loved me dearly, like her own son.

―Imran, where are you going at this hour?‖ she asked warmly.

I smiled and replied, ―Nothing much, Baaji. I'm just going to Zain's house.‖

She nodded, ―Alright, but come back soon, okay?‖

―Sure,‖ I said, and we continued on our way.

We reached the gate of Zain's house. As soon as he opened it, I saw something that took my breath away.

A girl dressed in black quietly walked away inside the house. I only saw her from behind, but something about her presence felt special… delicate. It felt like she wasn't the type to appear in front of strangers.

As we stepped inside, I saw a beautiful garden filled with blooming flowers. In the center was a table and a few chairs. Zain and I sat there. He was just 12, but his innocent talk could melt hearts.

That day, it seemed it was just Zain… and that girl in black.

The breeze was cool. The sky was peaceful. I pulled out my phone, put it on flight mode, and handed it to Zain.

―Take a photo of me.‖

He happily started clicking pictures.

Suddenly, a voice called from inside the house.

―Zain, come here for a minute!‖

It must've been the girl's voice—the one in black. Zain gave my phone back and ran inside.

But that voice… that voice! It was something I can't describe in words. There was so much sweetness in it—so much innocence. It felt like the voice belonged to a girl so pure that if she ever called out in the open, birds would fly down and sit beside her.

I sat there, lost in thought, imagining what it would feel like to sit with her for just a few minutes… to hear her speak. If only time could stop in this moment.

Just then, Zain returned with tea.

But my mind was still stuck on one thought—why didn't the girl bring the tea herself? Why did she call Zain? It only made me feel more certain that she doesn't like to face strangers. She was different. Special.

Zain placed the cup on the table. I picked it up and took a sip. Even the tea tasted magical. It was as if the sweetness of that voice had made its way into the tea. And in that moment, the thought that I was drinking tea made by her hands gave me joy I couldn't explain.

But my heart still searched for a glimpse of her. I didn't want to stare too obviously, but I was trying to steal a glance—to catch sight of the girl behind that voice.

I asked Zain casually, ―Who was the girl who called you just now?‖

He replied, ―My sister.‖

My heart whispered, How lucky are those who get to see her every day.

I asked again, ―Is there anyone else in the house?‖

―No,‖ Zain said. ―Just Didi.‖

I sat silently, thinking—what kind of girl doesn't even come out once? In today's world, most girls look for chances to be seen. But not her. She was different. She had purity written all over her. Something rare… something beautiful.

I thought of asking her name… but then I stopped myself.

It was getting late. Baaji had asked me to return early. I glanced again toward the house, secretly hoping I'd catch one last glimpse of her. But she didn't appear.

And now… something had changed inside me.

"A new kind of respect took root in my heart for her. I longed to see her, no matter what. But I never knew destiny would make me wait five entire years just for a glimpse of her.

I stood up.

―Zain, I should go.‖

―Stay a little longer. Spend the night,‖ he said.

―I can't. Baaji must be waiting.‖

As I stepped out, I looked back one last time, hoping she'd appear.

But she didn’t. I reached Baaji’s house and sat in the kitchen, chatting with her. Her son was my good friend too. We talked and laughed. I always felt a sense of belonging in Baaji’s company. She had a motherly warmth in her words.

—It's getting late,‖ she said. —Let me serve dinner.‖

The food was delicious. We all ate together, and then I prepared to sleep.

I offered my Isha prayer. I often prayed late at night, alone. Because that's when I felt closest to Allah. That night too, I cried in sujood.

—Ya Allah, never take me away from You. I know I am flawed, but please don’t be upset with me. Forgive me.‖

I had felt peace in many things in life, but the peace I felt when crying in front of my Creator—nothing else came close. Because until your heart is close to Allah, you’ll never feel true peace.

I folded the prayer mat, set my bedding, and lay down.

I opened my phone. It was still on flight mode. I switched it off and saw dozens of missed calls and messages from Ayesha.

I messaged her: —Sorry. I got busy with something. Maybe you came over, but I wasn’t there.‖

She replied immediately: —I don’t know what you think of yourself. I told you I’d come in the evening, and still, you left. You should’ve waited for me.‖

I responded calmly: —Ayesha, I respect you. Please think before you speak. Who are you to expect me to wait for you? You're nothing to me anymore. You're just full of drama. And to be honest, I don't have time for this.‖

She got furious. —Oh, really? That's how it is now?‖

—Yes,‖ I replied. —That's exactly how it is.‖

Then I sent another message.

I wanted to hurt her ego. I wrote: —By the way, someone's voice had such magic… it completely captured my heart today.‖

She replied instantly: —Who? Who is she?‖

—Zain's sister,‖ I said.

—Oh. Jannat,‖ she wrote.

That's when I paused.

—Is that her name… Jannat?‖

—Yes,‖ Ayesha confirmed. —And don't even think about her. She's not like that. She doesn't talk to strangers. Love is far from possible.‖

I replied: —Ayesha, I never said she'll fall in love with me. I just said I've fallen in love with her. And for me, that's enough. If she's really as good as you say she is, then I respect her even more. Girls like her are rare… innocent and pure.‖

Ayesha's anger boiled over.

—Do whatever you want. I don't care. Bye. Good night.‖

—Good night,‖ I replied, and put the phone aside.

But my heart wasn't quiet.

Will I ever get to talk to Jannat?

Will I ever see her again?

Why does her voice still echo in my soul?

I didn't know the answers.

I just knew… if my feelings were real, Allah would make a way.

The next morning, I woke up, freshened up, and had tea.

Baaji asked me to stay a little longer.

I smiled, —I'll come again soon. I have to leave now.‖

Her husband smiled, —You must visit again.‖ I

nodded and drank the tea.

Then I went upstairs, onto the balcony, and looked across toward Jannat's house. I searched for her… but she didn't appear.

Time was slipping. I came downstairs, said goodbye to everyone, and stepped out.

Jannat's house was on my way home. I kept looking—hoping I'd catch a glimpse of her.

But she wasn't there.

And with that deep longing in my heart, carrying countless questions and emotions… I returned home.

CHAPTER THREE The Wait That Wounded My Soul

Some days come like shadows—silent, heavy, and cold. Today was one of them. My heart was restless, my mind crowded with sadness. It felt like all the pain in the world had gathered inside me. There were personal troubles… but when life throws you into darkness, every wound from the past wakes up with it.

I was sitting alone in my room, ten days had passed since I returned from Jannat's village, and nothing had been the same. I used to be happy, full of energy. But now? Now I felt lost. As if something precious had slipped away. And deep down, I knew—it was because of Jannat.

I picked up my phone and played Jaun Elia's poetry. His words hit differently when the heart is already aching. I was thinking, *"What now? How will I see Jannat again? How will we even talk?"* I had finally understood that I had fallen in love with a girl I had never even seen. And the only cure for this love… was Jannat herself.

Just then, my phone rang. It was Babi.

—Imran, come over for a minute,‖ she said.

I went to her house. I noticed many shoes outside—clearly, some guests were there. I quietly entered and went straight to the kitchen. Babi was there… and with her, a girl.

She was wearing a white suit, with glasses on. As soon as she saw me, she lowered her eyes. For a moment, I thought, *Could she be Jannat?* But no—my mind couldn't think of anyone except her.

I softly asked Babi, —Who are they?‖

—They're my relatives,‖ she said. —That girl is my sister's daughter, Noor.‖

I looked at Noor again. *Noor*—the name suited her perfectly. She was beautiful, and the way she avoided my gaze… there was something different about her.

I helped serve tea to the guests and greeted everyone. After a while, I stepped outside to get some air.

A few minutes later, Noor came out too.

I was shy by nature… but she was just as shy. We stood there, both silent. Finally, I managed to say:

—You're very shy.‖

She smiled and said, —Oh, so you noticed?‖

I said, ―Not really. Just got a feeling.‖

She softly replied, ―Maybe you're right.‖

Before we could talk more, someone called her inside. I sat there alone again. One thought kept repeating—*I should've asked for her number… maybe she could help me talk to Jannat.*

Yes, Noor was stunning… but my heart still saw only Jannat. Even though I had never seen her, her voice echoed in my mind, especially her words: *"Ek minute andar aao."* I had memorized every syllable.

Suddenly, my friend called and needed help. I left with him.

By the time I returned that evening to Babi's house, the guests had already left—including Noor. And a wave of regret hit me hard. Maybe Noor was the only bridge to Jannat—and now, she was gone.

Then, Babi got a call. After she hung up, I asked, ―Who was that?‖

She smiled, ―It was Noor.‖

Just hearing that brought a smile to my face. I immediately messaged her on WhatsApp:

"Assalamualaikum, did you reach home safely?"

She replied with a thinking emoji. Maybe she was confused about who I was. I texted back:

"It's Imran."

She replied: *"Ohh okay! How are you?"*

—I'm fine,‖ I said.

Noor: *"Where did you go? I was looking for you before we left."*

I replied, —Sorry, something came up.‖

Then I asked politely, *"If you don't mind, can I message you from my number? I need to talk to you about something."*

She said, *"Why not? You can."*

I saved her number. After that, I handed the phone back to Babi and went home.

I sat in my room, pulled out my old diary—the one where I pour out my heart. That room, that silence, that corner of mine... it gave me peace. I played Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan's songs, placed the phone beside me, and started writing. There's a unique comfort in writing alone. It's something the world can never understand.

It was Maghrib time. I heard the Azaan, closed my diary, and went to the mosque. I made wudhu and stood for prayer. My heart was heavy, and during sajda… I broke down. I wept like a child, speaking to Allah. Only He listens when no one else does.
And I've always believed—if you pray with a sincere heart, He never rejects your tears.

After prayer, the mosque emptied. I sat alone for a while, then finally returned home. In my room, I messaged Noor again:

"Salam, it's Imran. This is my number."

She replied after a while: *"Okay, I'll save it."*

A few chats later, I finally asked what had been burning in my heart:

"Noor… do you know Jannat? The one who lives There i mean Zain's village?"

Noor answered: *"Yes. She's my close friend—more than a friend, actually."*

That reply lit up my heart.

"Oh really? That's wonderful!" I replied, smiling.

Noor: *"Yes… but why are you asking? What's going on?"* I said, —Noor, I don't want to hide anything from you.‖ And then I told her everything.

She replied jokingly: *"Ohh… so our Majnu was already in love with his Laila."*

I laughed and said, *"Yes… and such a love, I don't think it'll ever happen again."*

She paused and said, *"You fell for the right girl, Imran. Jannat is pure. Kind-hearted. But I can't say if she'll agree to talk…"*

Then she added, *"She doesn't have a phone, but she'll visit our house in a day or two."*

I replied with a heartfelt prayer: *"Noor, thank you. Really. May Allah bless you. Please… just try once."*

She promised, *"Don't worry. I'll try."*

And just like that, I was waiting again. Waiting like a caged bird waits for freedom… like a prisoner dreams of the day he's released. All I hoped for was Noor's help… and Jannat's answer.

Every day, I'd ask Noor: *"Any update? Did you tell her?"*

Every time, the answer was: *"Not yet…"*

Then, one day while I was busy working, my phone buzzed. It was Noor.

She wrote: *"Jannat came today. I spoke to her… but she refused."*

It felt like the sky collapsed over me.

—No… this can't be true,‖ I replied, —She wouldn't say that…‖

My heart was racing. I told Noor, —I've been thinking about her every day. I haven't even seen her, yet my heart only beats for her. Why doesn't she understand?‖

Noor replied, *"You should've told me earlier…"*

I asked, —Told you what?‖

She simply said, *"Nothing. Forget it."*

Maybe Noor wanted me to notice her. Maybe she was hoping for something. But my heart belonged only to Jannat.

She promised to try again: *"If she agrees next time, it's good."*

I said, ―Please take this seriously. This isn't a joke.‖

She replied coldly: *"People should fall in love wisely. With someone who loves them too."*

I answered softly, ―If only it worked like that… but no one chooses to fall in love. It just happens.‖

We talked a little more, and then I told her I'd speak later. I had to return to work. But my heart was in pain. *How could Jannat say no? How could she reject someone who hasn't stopped thinking of her for even a moment?*

It had already been a month since I heard her voice for the first time.

And still… I was waiting.

CHAPTER FOUR
The Day Jannat Entered My Silence

Some lives are made of silence, some of sorrow. Mine was both. Sadness had clung to me like a shadow—never letting go, never stepping back.

That day was no different. After dinner, I returned to my room and offered my Isha prayer. But my heart was already drowning… and in front of Allah, the tears came rushing. I cried like a child—only asking Him for one thing: ―Ya Allah, please don't ever let me drift away from You. Don't take away my peace.‖

Tears kept falling as I begged Him, ―This sadness… please take it away. Give me calm, Ya Rabb. Give me Your nearness.‖ After prayer, as I sat quietly, I wondered… Maybe this sadness too is a gift—because it brings me closer to Allah. That day marked five days since Noor had told me: "Jannat said no…"

And in that moment, I realised something I had only heard in words before: When you pray with a true heart, Allah does listen. He always listens. He gives not what we want, but what's best for us.

Just then, as I sat on my bed… A message flashed on my phone.

An unknown number. "Assalamualaikum," it said.

I paused. Replied: "Walaikum Assalam. I'm sorry, I haven't saved this number..."

The reply came instantly: "Of course, you wouldn't have… it's my first message to you. I am Jannat."

My breath stopped. My heart skipped. Jannat…? Did I read that right?

I replied, almost trembling: "What did you say? Are you… that Jannat?"

She said, "Yes… I'm the same Jannat. Noor told me everything."

I couldn't stop crying. My heart felt heavy and light at the same time. Allah… how deeply You listen… how silently You heal... And how often… we forget to thank You.

My sins stood before me like shadows— I had drifted so far… and yet Allah never left me. He gave me Jannat when I least expected it.

I didn't know what to say. Tears in my eyes, pain in my chest. How do you begin to speak… when your heart is overflowing?

And just then, another message came.

"Maybe you're busy or something…"

I replied: "No, not at all. I just don't know where to begin. My heart is in pain… and joy… and I don't know how to put it into words."

She replied sweetly: "Really? If that's true… then forget everything for a moment… And just remember this—you have Jannat."

Those words hit me like rain on dry earth. Tears again. Why was I crying… when I should be happy? Maybe it was too much joy… too deep to hold.

She texted again: "What happened? Are you okay? Please talk nicely… I'm worried."

That… that was Jannat. So soft. So respectful. Even my silence made her worried. That innocence… that concern… That was love—real and pure.

I gathered courage and replied: "Please… never leave me. I won't be able to handle it."

She replied: "Really? You love me that much?"

I said: "More than words can ever say. So much, it feels like a sin to even compare. My love for you… is immeasurable."

She responded: "Alright then… but please, just smile now. Forget everything for a while and talk properly… Or else, I'll get hurt too."

And that care… that fear of seeing me upset… That was enough to make me feel something I hadn't in years—belonging.

I asked her: "Why did you say no when Noor came to you with my message? Why did you reject me?"

She replied gently: "I'll tell you… one day. Not everything needs to be said all at once."

I said: "That's okay. I'm just happy we're talking now." That night… I will never forget. One of the most beautiful nights of my life. A night that carved itself into my memory forever.

It was the month of April… and Ramzan was approaching. And as always, I fasted every day of the holy month. Ramzan had always felt special to me… It was my chance to be close to Allah again.

That first day of fasting— Just before Sehri, my phone lit up again.

"Are you awake, Janab?" — Jannat.

My heart smiled. I replied: "Yes, my love. I'm awake." She replied: "Good. Keep every fast… and don't skip any prayers either."

Jannat wasn't an ordinary girl. She was close to Allah. And that's what I loved the most about her. I knew then—a girl like her could never break someone's heart. Because people who stay close to Allah… don't betray.

The Azaan echoed. I left for the mosque… And my heart was light again.

That entire Ramzan, I worshipped with peace. Grateful to

Allah… who always pulled me out of pain, Who never left me—even when I turned away.

Every evening, after Iftar, I would message Jannat. And she would always reply. One evening I wrote:

"Jannat, can I say something? You're so special to me… That even on days when I feel down, Just thinking that I'll get to talk to you in the evening… It brings a smile to my face." She replied with a crying emoji.

"Imran… do you really love me this much? Please… don't love me too much. What if something happens…?"

I wrote back: "Whatever happens, let it happen. This love will remain… always. Even after death, Jannat."

She said: "Stop. Don't say such things. Let my life be longer… with some of your years added to it. You're my life, don't say such things."

I said: "Alright, sorry. But know this… I love you more than I've ever loved anyone."

I had never seen her. So one day, I asked:

"Can you send me a picture? Just once… I've never seen you."

She teased: "What if just one picture makes your heart full?"

I said: "No… it won't be enough. Nothing could ever be enough."

She smiled through text: "Then leave the picture for now. Come see me in person. Look at me properly. So… when will you come?"

My heart leapt.

"You mean it? You'll really let me see you properly?" "Why

not, yaar?" she said sweetly.

"Okay then… two days after Eid, I'll come to your city."

"I'll wait for you," she said.

Those words… "I'll wait for you..."

They stayed with me like a whisper in the wind. Eid was still five days away— And I had already grown restless.

It had only been 20 or 25 days since I started talking to Jannat, but it felt like she had been a part of my life for years. I often thought, if Jannat became a part of my life, my whole life would turn into paradise.

I used to read our old chats again and again, trying to find peace in them. I believed Jannat would never break my heart. She was very shy—never called me, only messaged me, and even that too rarely. She didn't use the phone much and was always scared of her family finding out.

She had qualities that are hard to find in girls these days. She was different… she was special. And I felt lucky that such a girl was talking to me, being with me in her own silent way. Every night,

I prayed for her happiness. Ya Allah, please keep Jannat always happy…

Now I was waiting for Eid to come. After Eid, I had planned to finally see my Leila… the girl who had become my dream, my heartbeat. Seeing her felt like a dream I never wanted to wake up from. I loved her so much… more than words could say.

And then… that day slowly began to arrive—

I was counting down every second… Because soon, I would see her— The one I loved… Without ever seeing.

What Makes a Girl Truly Beautiful

My thoughts about girls have always been different—and perhaps they always will be.

In a world where people often run after appearances and loud words, I find beauty in something else entirely. I admire the kind of girl who doesn't speak much, but when she does, her words carry weight. She doesn't talk to impress; she talks when it matters. A girl who respects her parents, who understands how to carry herself with grace in society—that's the kind of girl who captures my heart.

Simplicity is rare. And when I saw it in Jannat, I knew she wasn't like the others.
She was different… she was real.

Many chase beauty, but what truly touches the soul is simplicity. It's not the face full of makeup, not the trendy clothes—it's the calm in her voice, the peace in her silence, and the purity in her

eyes. That's the beauty no mirror can reflect. That's the beauty that stays.

Once someone asked me, *"What does a good girl look like to you?"*
I said, *"A good girl is one who walks close to Allah, who carries respect in her eyes and dignity in her words. She speaks gently with elders, treats everyone kindly, and never tries to prove anything—because she already knows her worth."*

She doesn't show off. She doesn't need the world's approval. She knows who she is—and that is enough.

A truly good girl is one whose name brings respect to her family, whose presence feels like a prayer, whose silence feels like peace. A girl who earns *izzat* (respect), who gathers *duayein* (blessings), who never needs to say she is special—because her actions already say it all.

And I always tell girls this truth:
"Boys don't fall for fashion. They fall for nature. They fall for girls who are kind, soft-hearted, and graceful. The kind who win hearts not with makeup, but with their manners."

Because beauty may catch the eye—but it is character that captures the soul.

CHAPTER FIVE A Journey Of Joy, Ending In Tears

Today was a special day — one I had been waiting for with open eyes and a heart full of hope. The kind of day I used to dream about again and again — because today, I was going to Jannat's village.To see my love… my life… my whole world.

I was so happy — so deeply, unbelievably happy — it felt like I had just been freed after years of imprisonment. There was a smile on my face and peace in my heart. I kept telling myself,**"Today… I will finally meet my Jannat."**

I had planned a five-day stay at Baji's house. Just one day wouldn't be enough — the longing to see her, to be near her, was too strong.

And finally, the moment arrived. I was on my way, sitting in the car, lost in thoughts:**"Am I really going to see her? Will we finally talk face-to-face?"**I thanked Allah again and again. I was so overwhelmed with happiness that I feared my heart might stop from joy.

As I reached the village, my heartbeat quickened. Jannat's house came first, then Baji's. I passed by her home, eyes fixed on the place where my heart lived, and then continued on to Baji's house.As always, Baji welcomed me with a warm hug and love that felt like home. It meant the world to me.

It was evening. After a cup of tea, I went up to the balcony. From there, I could clearly see Jannat's house. I sat on a chair, heart racing, and sent her a message. **"Aslam Alaikum, meri jaan. How are you?"**

Some time later, her reply came.

"Hmm G, I’m fine. How are you?"

I said,**"I’m fine too. Step outside for a moment."**

She asked,**"Where are you?"**

I replied,**"Just nearby... just a few steps away from you."**

Maybe she had secretly already seen me, because she said,**"You’re at Baji’s balcony, aren’t you? When did you come?"**

I smiled and wrote,**"So, you saw me... You won’t come outside? I wanted to see you."**

She answered,**"No... I’ll come later. What will you see from there anyway?"**

I said,**"Alright... I’ll wait."**

Her reply was:**"Allah Hafiz. We’ll talk later."**

I said okay.The truth was, Jannat didn’t use her phone much. She was a simple, shy, decent girl — not one to waste time chatting for hours. Even with me, she rarely talked for long.

I sat in the balcony, talking to myself, smiling, feeling something I’d never felt before. For the first time in my life, I was about to see my Jannat.It felt like a dream — a dream I never imagined would come true so soon.

But destiny had its own plans.

Evening turned into dusk. I came down and sat with the family. They were talking and laughing, but my mind was only on Jannat.Why hadn't she come yet?

It was 10 p.m. now. Too late. My heart grew heavier.Was she okay? Why didn't she come?I began to wonder...**"Was she lying? Did she change her mind?"** I felt shattered. I had come so far, just for her… and she couldn't take a few steps to see me?

Dinner was served. I ate in silence, the pain too loud inside me.I laid on the bed, staring at the ceiling, broken.I messaged her, but Jannat was offline. No reply.

That night was like a curse — one I can never forget.My first heartbreak. My first sleepless night.Tears in my eyes, pain in my chest — I felt like I had lost something precious forever.

It was 3 a.m., and sleep finally took me.The first thing I did in the morning was check my phone — no message. I washed my face, prayed — and even in prayer, I broke down crying.

Later, as I sat in the park with my sadness, my phone rang.Jannat's message.

"Aslam Alaikum… I'm sorry I couldn't come. I don't think I'll be able to. I feel ashamed…"

Reading those words, my breath stopped. My heart sank. I couldn't even type. Somehow, with trembling fingers, I replied:

"Jannat, please don't say this… I came from so far just to see you. You told me to come… how can you say you won't?"

She replied:**"I'm sorry. I can't. Forgive me."**And went offline.

And just like that, the happiness I came with — the excitement, the dreams — all shattered into silence and sorrow.I couldn't even go to her house — Zain wasn't there.I spent the whole day staring at her house from the balcony, hoping for a glimpse.But she didn't come.Maybe she watched from inside, hidden, afraid.

Evening came, and I was falling apart. She was still offline.That night passed like a year. No message. No sign.

Next morning, her message arrived:

"Aslam Alaikum. Are you okay?"

I replied:**"I'm not okay. I feel like I'm dying."**

She asked,**"Why? What happened?"**

But how could I explain?How could I tell her the condition of my heart?

All I said was,**"Please… just come once. Let me see you."**

She replied:**"No, I'm sorry… I don't have the courage. I can't."**

And again, she went offline.

The five days passed in pain and loneliness.The person I had come for… never came. Not even once.It broke me. It hurt so much, I have no words.

I finally decided to go back home. I took permission from Baji and left.

My heart was full of pain, my eyes full of unshed tears.A dream half-lived. A love left unseen.

On my way home, I looked once more at Jannat's house… and couldn't stop crying.

As I sat in the car, Jannat's message arrived:

"Aslam Alaikum… have you left?"

I saw it. I didn't reply.

Then another message — a crying emoji,**"I know you're hurt… but I couldn't do it."**

I replied:**"Let it go. What's done is done. My tears can't come back, nor can the time I lost."**

She sent more crying emojis. And went offline again.

Now my heart was full of questions:Why didn't she come? Was she scared? Did she deceive me?

But something inside still told me,**"No… Jannat can't betray me."**

Still, the pain was real. The silence was cruel.

I messaged her again:**"It's okay. What happened, happened. Don't blame yourself."**

Even though I was drowning in pain, I didn't want her to suffer.Because love… is never about hurting the one you love.

When I reached home, my mood was better after talking to family, but not completely.

That evening, Jannat messaged me:

"I know I've hurt you deeply… maybe I'll never be able to forgive myself. I never wanted to talk to you again."

I replied:**"What's done is done. If not today, then someday… I'll see you."**

She said:**"I'm feeling low… I can't talk. Allah Hafiz."** Once

again, my heart lost its peace.

Days passed. Her messages changed. She didn't sound the same.Eight or nine days went by.

Maybe she felt guilty.Maybe she thought she was hurting me by staying in my life.Maybe she didn't want to talk anymore.

But I… I still wanted her. No matter what.No matter how much it hurt.

I still wanted my Jannat to stay.

CHAPTER SIX

The Day My Heart Broke In The Mountains

Jannat's behavior was changing. And that was making things very hard for me. I couldn't focus on my studies, I couldn't feel at peace with my family, and nothing felt right. I wanted to go far away, away from everything.

So, I spoke to my friends. We decided to go to the mountains for a few days, just to relax and escape from our problems. Everyone agreed. I thought maybe my mood would get better if I went. We made a five-day plan. We were supposed to leave the next day.

We were all very excited. We were talking about what to take, what not to take, and laughing a lot. After everything was planned, I went home and told my family.

My mother was worried. She never let me travel far. But this time, she gave me permission. She said, ―Go safely, and come back soon.‖ I felt a little happy. I had dinner quickly, started packing, and went to bed early because I had to wake up early in the morning.

I called my friend and told him to wake me up early. My friend Arham was so excited that he didn't sleep at all. He called me at 4 AM and said, ―Yaar, shall we leave now?‖

I laughed and said, ―What happened, bro? It's too early!‖

He replied, ―I couldn't sleep the whole night.‖

I told him, ―Sleep for a while, we'll leave at 7 AM.‖

At 6 AM, all our friends started calling each other, asking, ―What are you bringing?‖ ―Should I bring this?‖ — and just like that, by 7 AM, we all met and got ready to leave. I called the driver and told him to come quickly. After some waiting, the driver arrived. We kept our bags in the car and started our journey.

Even today, I still remember that moment in the car. We were laughing, teasing each other, calling each other funny names. I was finally feeling peaceful. I thought, ―If this car ride feels this calm, how peaceful the campsite will be.‖

But I had no idea…

That everything would change. That the peace I was looking for… would be taken away from me right there.

On the way, we ate food in the car, went live on social media, and finally, by evening, we reached our destination. The place was beautiful — green mountains, open fields, happy people lost in their own world. There was a big river flowing nearby. I looked at my friends and said, ―Let's camp here, near the river.‖

The spot was perfect. We set up our tents, brought some things from the market, and sat together. There was nothing missing — just peace everywhere. We even turned off our phones and kept them aside.

But suddenly, my phone vibrated.

It was a message from Jannat.

I smiled. I was so happy. I laughed and replied to her. Then Jannat said,

"I need to tell you something."

I said, "Hmm, my love, say it…"

She said,

"From today, don’t message me again."

I said, "Don’t joke like that… What’s wrong?"

She replied,

"I’m serious… Please listen to me carefully. I never told you that I loved you."

I said, "You’re not Jannat… This isn’t you."

She replied,

"Hmm… I am Jannat."

Again I said, "No, you’re joking."

She said,

"This is no joke. I’m going to block you now."

I said,

"Please… At least don’t say this today…"

My eyes were full of tears, but I held them back. My friends were laughing and enjoying — I didn’t want to spoil their happiness.

Then Jannat said,

"I’m sorry. But the fault is yours… You’re the one who fell in love."

I didn’t say anything.

I just sat silently, thinking…

If there was no love,

Then why did you talk to me so sweetly?

Why did you stay connected with me?

Why did you make me feel special?

My heart was in pain.

But I didn’t say a word.

I couldn’t understand what was happening.

It felt like a mountain had fallen on me.

I had come here with friends, to find peace…

But I had no idea that peace would be destroyed in the same place.

One of my friends noticed something was wrong. He said,

—What happened to Imran? Are you okay?‖

I replied,

—Nothing, yaar. I'm fine.‖

Then I smiled, talked to them, and joined in their fun.

But inside…

I was breaking.

After a long day, all my friends slept peacefully.

But I… I had tears in my eyes, pain in my heart.

I kept telling myself:

—This is a dream. Jannat can't say such things.‖

I picked up my phone again and read her message.

—No… this is real.‖ I

cried so much that night.

But I didn't make a sound.

My friends were sleeping nearby.

That night felt endless — like I had lived years in those hours.

I kept praying,

—Ya Allah… when will this night end?‖ It

was the worst night of my life.

Somehow, I made it through till morning.

We had tea, and I kept smiling in front of my friends.

Now they were deciding where to go next.

Usually, I was the one who led the group,

But today, I didn't know what to say.

I didn't feel like going anywhere.

My friends looked at me and said,

—Yaar, since yesterday, we can see your mood has changed. What's wrong?‖

I smiled and said,

—Nothing, yaar. What could be wrong with me? Let's go.‖ So

I went with them.

But nothing felt nice anymore.

They were taking pictures…

I loved taking pictures too. But today, I didn't want to.

That one message from Jannat had taken everything from me.

We had planned for five days…

But I was already thinking of going back home.

Still, I didn't want to ruin their trip.

So I stayed with them, smiled with them, and helped make their trip better.

But for me…

Those five days felt like five years.

Finally, the trip ended.

We were on our way back.

Everyone was talking about how beautiful the place was,

How peaceful it had felt…

But I…

I hadn't seen anything.

Because I couldn't stop thinking about Jannat.

That's when I realized — Love

is a dangerous thing.

You should never fall into it.

Because I was crying inside,

While outside, I was pretending to smile.

We didn't even talk for long.

I never saw her, just heard her voice once…

But still,

She took a part of my soul with her.

Maybe… this was true love. All

I was thinking now was,

—When will I reach home?‖

At last, at 10 PM, we arrived.

Everyone was tired and left with their bags.

I went home too.

My family was asleep.

I went into my room… And

cried.

Cried as much as I could.

Everything came back —

That moment… that message… that night.

Even today, when I think about that night, My

heart breaks all over again.

CHAPTER SEVEN The Silence After The Storm

That message from Jannat didn't just hurt — it shattered something inside me. Something deep. Something I don't think will ever fully heal.

It wasn't just a few words on a screen. It felt like a quiet explosion, the kind of silence that's louder than a scream. I kept staring at it again and again, hoping maybe the words would change, that maybe I'd just misread it… or maybe I was dreaming. But no — it was real. And that realization? It hit like a slow, sharp punch to the soul.

I didn't break like glass, with sound and chaos. I broke like a flower under someone's foot — quietly, slowly, without resistance. I used to be the guy who made everyone laugh, who filled every corner of a room with some light joke or harmless smile. My world was small, but it was peaceful. Happy, even.

Now it all felt like a lie.

My soul felt hollow. My mind was a battlefield, and my heart — it didn't even feel like it belonged to me anymore. Everything I once loved, every little joy, had turned into a reminder of what I had lost.

When I used to talk to Jannat, it brought a strange kind of calm — like the world had slowed down just to listen to her voice.

Her words wrapped around my heart like a warm blanket on a cold night. She made me feel like I mattered… like I was enough.

But now?

Now I wasn't living — I was just surviving.

And survival, when you're drowning in memories, doesn't feel like living at all. It feels like a punishment.

Ten days passed. Long, silent, unbearable days.

And the mornings — they were the worst. Waking up, feeling that empty space, remembering she was gone. That she had chosen silence over me. That I wasn't even worth a goodbye. I stopped eating properly. Stopped sleeping. And on the few nights when I did fall asleep, I dreamt of her — only to wake up again to the cruel truth that she wasn't there.

The nights were even harder. When the world went quiet, I sat alone in the darkness of my room, the phone in my hand like it was my last hope. I kept checking it, every few minutes, waiting for something. Anything. But there was nothing. No new messages. No calls. Just silence. Just absence.

My family noticed. They asked me, gently, ―Are you okay?‖ I nodded. Smiled. Lied.

Because how do you explain a heartbreak that leaves no visible scars? How do you tell them that it hurts to breathe?

So I put on a mask — one of strength, of normalcy. But inside, I was collapsing.

One evening, after another breakdown I didn't have words for, I sat at the edge of my bed, my head in my hands, thinking… *Is this what love does to you? Is this what happens when you care too much?*

And then her name came to mind — Noor. Jannat's friend. The one who always seemed kind, always spoke politely. Maybe she could help. Maybe she could tell Jannat what I couldn't.

My hands trembled as I typed, ―Please talk to Jannat. Tell her I'm not okay. I need her. Just once… one last time.‖ I waited.

Seconds turned to minutes. Minutes felt like hours.

And then… her reply.

―Sorry… I can't do anything. It's her choice.‖ And

after that — she blocked me too.

It stung in a way I hadn't prepared for. Not because Noor owed me anything, but because I believed she would understand. I thought maybe she'd be the one to help me reach Jannat… to help me be heard.

But even bridges burn. And I realized I had none left.

I sat in complete stillness, just staring at the screen, the last hope I held onto slipping right through my fingers. My eyes blurred with tears I didn't even try to stop. That night, though, I didn't cry

loud. Not because it didn't hurt — but because I had gone numb. My heart had given up on even reacting.

The days after that all looked the same. I didn't know what day it was, didn't care what month we were in. All I knew was the weight I was carrying — a weight that pressed down on me with every breath.

I tried to distract myself. Focused on my studies. Helped at home. Tried to laugh at people's jokes. But everything felt fake. Empty. Even my smile… it was like trying to paint over something broken.

Time moved, even if I didn't feel like I was. Five months passed. The pain didn't go away, but I learned to carry it differently. Like a wound that never closes, but you learn to walk with the limp.

I changed. I became quieter. More focused. More serious.

The boy who used to joke about everything barely spoke now. And when he did, it was only when necessary. And beneath that silence — always — was her name. Jannat.

She became the invisible thread behind every thought I had, every step I took. Even when I started working harder, pushing myself more… deep down, a part of me wanted her to notice. To see who I was becoming. Maybe I thought if I became someone worth remembering, she'd remember me too.

But even if she didn't… I knew I had to keep going. For myself.

One morning, I stood in front of the mirror and didn't recognize the person staring back. The same eyes — but so much heavier.

The same face — but it looked older somehow, worn out. And yet, in that tired face… was strength. The kind that comes from surviving what should have destroyed you.

Because that's what heartbreak does.

It either breaks you completely… or it forces something inside you to wake up.

And I chose to rise.

Even if I had to rise alone.

But even after everything, even after all the months and all the silence, there was one thing that never changed.

My heart… still whispered her name.

In quiet prayers.In empty nights.In those few seconds before sleep — she returned.Like a song I thought I'd forgotten, but somehow still remembered every word of.

People around me had moved on. Laughed. Loved again. But me? I was still carrying a love I never got to give completely. A love that was never seen. Never returned.

And that's the loneliest kind of love.

The kind you hide inside yourself. The kind that becomes a part of who you are.

That's when I understood —when someone you truly love walks away without a goodbye, it doesn't just hurt you… it changes you.

It takes your smile and turns it into memory. It turns your silence into your story.

You meet new people, sure. But none of them feel like home. Because your heart still lives inside a voice that once made you feel alive.

I started living again. But not like before.

Now, I stopped chasing people. I stopped begging to be loved. Because I had already loved someone with all I had — and lost.

So now… I just let life come to me. Quietly. Patiently.

But deep within me, untouched by time or distance, her name still lived.

Not as a person anymore…But as a feeling.A memory.A soft ache that reminded me:

I once loved without seeing… and still saw more than anyone ever did.

CHAPTER EIGHT
Home Was Just A Borrowed Name –

I was away from home. My 12th-grade board exams were around the corner, and for once, I had tried to keep Jannat aside — at least for now. My focus was entirely on my studies. My world had become smaller: just me, my room, and a pile of books that now felt heavier than my emotions.

That evening, I was quietly reading, buried in chapters I barely understood, when my phone buzzed. A message. I checked — and for a moment, time paused.

It was from Noor.

I stared at the screen, not quite believing it. Noor? After all this time?

―Aslamualaikum,‖ she had written.

Without delay, I replied, ―Walaikum Assalam,‖ a faint smile tugging at my lips. It was small — but real. Before I could say anything else, she sent another message: she needed guess papers for the 12th exam. She, too, was appearing this year.

I didn't reply much. Just sent the guesses.

But something inside me ached — she hadn't even asked how I was. Not a word. Not a line.

I turned off the phone, a quiet anger bubbling in me. But soon another message came:

"By the way… are you okay? How's your family?"

This time, I replied: ―All fine, Alhamdulillah.‖ Something softened in me. And soon, our conversation started to flow again. It felt strange, familiar, painful.

I couldn't help myself — I asked her about Jannat.

―She's fine,‖ she said. ―Doing well.‖

Our chats became more frequent. Short, simple exchanges during exam time. Before we knew it, the last paper came and went, and I was back home

lighter from the burden of exams, but heavier from the presence of Noor in my life again.

Something had shifted.

I didn't even realize when I began fearing the thought of losing Noor. Maybe because I had already lost Jannat. And now I didn't want to lose again — not even once more.

But something about Noor's behavior felt off. Different. She didn't speak with the same softness. Her tone had changed, her warmth had cooled — but still, I stayed. Still, I gave.

And in return… she gave me something dangerous — hope.

She made me feel like maybe I mattered. Like maybe I was the only one in her world.

And for the first time since Jannat, I felt something like love again. Or what I thought was love.

One evening, unable to contain the restlessness inside me, I messaged her.

I told her.

I confessed.

I said the words I had kept buried in the corners of my chest: I love you.

It had been three months since her first message. And I believed, truly believed, that maybe this time… I wouldn't be left broken.

But the reply I received?

—Sorry… I'm already with someone else.‖

It hit me like thunder on a silent night.

My hands trembled. My breath stopped.

I stared at the screen again and again, hoping it would change. That maybe I had misread. That maybe she was joking.

But no.

She had said it. And she meant it.

I asked her — begged, even. ―Swear to me, Noor. Swear on something.‖

And she did. She swore.

She told me the truth — There's someone else in my life.

I felt like the earth beneath me had given way. Rage. Pain. Betrayal. All at once.

I asked her why she hadn't told me earlier.

She replied, ―I used to like you. But you always cared more about Jannat. So left. And when I saw you moved on, I unblocked you. I wanted to see if things could be different… but the first thing you asked me was about Jannat. That's when I knew — you hadn't truly let her go. And then… someone else proposed to me. And I said yes.‖

But that wasn't the full truth.

Later, I came to know — her relationship with that boy wasn't new. It had been going on for a long time. She had lied to me. Played with my emotions while being with someone else.

Still, we continued talking. Somehow. For reasons I still don't fully understand.

But every conversation hurt me more than it healed. Noor would talk about him — the boy she loved — like I wasn't the one breaking beside her. Like I was just another listener in her story.

And yet… I stayed.

The more she pushed me away, the more I clung to her presence. Her indifference. Her mood swings. One day warm, the next cold. One moment she blocked me, then unblocked me — like my heart was a switch she could flip at will.

Then came the worst day.

She blocked me again, and I messaged her from another number — desperate, hopeless.

And that's when she said things… things I'll never forget. Words that still ring in my ears at 2 a.m. Words that tore through my soul like fire.

I've never forgotten that moment. That place. That pain.

Eventually, she blocked me everywhere.

And I — I began to change.

Other girls entered my life. Some stayed. Some tried. But I couldn't accept anyone. I didn't know if it was love or just a habit — but I couldn't let Noor go.

I never saw her as someone I'd marry. Never imagined a future with her. But I wanted her to choose me. Only me.

Why? Even I didn't know.

Maybe because my heart still belonged to Jannat… but I couldn't bear to lose Noor either.

And just when I began to forget her, to finally move on — she messaged me again.

I lost my calm.

I asked her — Why do you keep coming back? Why do you do this to me?

Part of me still believed she loved me. Somewhere. Silently.

But her silence always felt like rejection. Her behavior — it turned love into pain.

Three years passed.

Three long years of messages, fights, moments of affection, longer moments of pain.

She gave me moments of love… and years of hurt.

And eventually, even she began to feel hurt — maybe because I had changed too. I had become distant. Bitter.

We both became shadows of what we once were.

And by the time a new year stood at the doorstep… I

had only one truth left in me.

Noor never understood how much I respected her.

How deeply I once loved her.

And how her behavior destroyed what little hope I had left.

CHAPTER NINE
Between Two Shadows

I still remember that evening — the time when the sun had almost sunk behind the roofs, and the orange light was fading into blue. I was in my room, the same old table in front of me, Jhon's books lying on one side. A pen rested in my hand, and a blank sheet of paper lay open. Tomorrow was a new year. Everyone had their own plans, dreams, and fresh hopes.

But for me… there was only one thought. One shadow. One girl.

Jannat.

She was like a silent presence that had become part of my life. I couldn't touch her, couldn't speak to her, yet she was always there — in my mind, in my heart, in the air I breathed. That night I tried writing poetry, but after a few lines, I stopped. I leaned back in my chair and just… stared.

It wasn't just any day when I would think about her — it was every day. My room itself felt connected to her. As if its walls carried the scent of her name.

Sometimes, I would laugh at myself. How could I love someone I had never met? Never spoken to? But there was something about Jannat — something I couldn't find in anyone else. And though it hurt to think about her, it was a sweet kind of pain.

Three years had passed like this. I tried forgetting her many times. I even made friends, girls who cared for me, who loved me in their own ways… but I could never step out of Jannat's shadow.

Then there was Noor.

Noor was… different. She confused me. Sometimes she'd unblock me, talk to me sweetly, and other times, she'd vanish — block me without warning. She had her own past, a relationship that had ended before she came close to me. Maybe she wanted to stay near me, maybe she liked me. But she also knew that my heart belonged to Jannat, and that's why she never crossed certain lines. Whenever I spoke about Jannat, I could sense Noor's silence. She'd never say, ―Don't talk about her,‖ but I could feel her discomfort. She was the kind of girl who would quietly die inside rather than tell you what hurt her. Always smiling, always pretending nothing was wrong.

But me? I couldn't think about anyone else.

Sometimes, I'd close my eyes and imagine… rain falling, an umbrella in my hand, and Jannat walking close beside me. We'd talk, and her face would carry a simple, soft smile that words couldn't describe. I had never seen her in reality, but I could feel her soul. I was a madman — a madman in love.

Months passed into the new year, and one day I had a reason to visit Jannat's village. She never appeared before me, but just being near her felt like enough. That evening, I was at Baji's house, sipping tea in the kitchen when the door opened.

It was Jannat.

The moment her eyes met mine, she quickly closed the door. I had to stop myself from laughing out loud. She was shy — painfully shy — and that made me love her even more.

Her house was far from my sister's, yet she knew I was here. For the entire time I stayed, she never once stepped outside.
That's just how she was — a stubborn, sweet girl who could drive you crazy.

The day I was leaving, I passed by her house. Through the window, I saw her… looking at me. Not smiling, not waving — just looking. And in that glance, I knew… there was something in her heart for me, even if she'd never admit it.

On the way home, all I could think was — When will I get to see her again? When will I tell her how much I've waited? How much I've loved her? The thought tightened in my chest.

Then… Noor messaged me.

We started talking again. Our closeness grew. Sometimes she'd even talk to me in front of Jannat, as if to claim her place. I began to realize — Noor wanted me, even if she never said it. But her behaviour hurt me too — the blocks, the silences.

I wanted all her attention. I wanted Noor to say, ―Don't talk to anyone else. You're mine.‖ But she never did. And maybe that's why we argued so much — arguments mixed with moments of love, laughter, and long talks.

Noor could tolerate my anger like no one else. And losing her… would be a bigger loss than I could handle. So I began keeping other people aside and focusing on her.

Still, my heart was split. I wanted Jannat. I wanted Noor. Noor was here, real, caring — but Jannat was… Jannat.

Some nights I would lie awake, thinking — What am I doing? Who do I truly love? Who am I hurting?

And then… one evening came. A message. A meeting. A small moment that would change the direction of everything.

I didn't know it yet… but life was about to take me to a place I had never imagined.

Because sometimes… the person you want and the person you need… are not the same.

CHAPTER TEN The Day I Saw Jannat

After a long time, I was breathing in peace.

Life had found a gentle rhythm, the kind where days passed without sharp edges.

Noor was in my life now — and she brought her own kind of comfort.

Her presence was warm, steady… like the cup of tea you hold between your palms on a winter morning.

That evening, I was outside, sitting in a shop with friends.

There's a charm to friends' gatherings — you forget the world, the problems, and even yourself for a while.

We were lost in jokes and stories when my phone buzzed.

It was Noor.

She told me she had to visit Jannat's village for a function.

"You should come too," she wrote.

I smiled. Meeting Noor was always a pleasant thought.

We talked for a while, and then everyone headed home.

That night, I lay in bed thinking about tomorrow.

For some reason, happiness was blooming quietly inside me.

Sleep didn't come easily.

When I finally closed my eyes, the morning had already arrived.

I prayed Fajr, had tea, spent some quiet minutes in my room, and then left.

The road seemed more beautiful that day — or maybe it was just my thoughts.

By 5 p.m., I reached the place where my dreams had once been born.

The place that had carried my heart for years… and

the place I had tried so hard to forget.

My eyes drifted towards Jannat's house.

Something inside me went still.

I shook it off — Noor was my present now.

I walked towards Baji's house, where I always stayed.

Today, the house was full of people.

As I stepped through the gate, I noticed a girl sitting in the park.

The moment her eyes met mine, she quickly looked away, almost hiding her face.

My breath caught.

I knew.

It was Jannat.

And in that instant, it was as if five years of carefully buried emotions rose from the ground, brushing the dust off their shoulders, alive again.

Her presence had a strange power over me — like a tide pulling me in without my permission.

Inside, everyone was busy in the kitchen. Noor was there too.

It was good to see her, but deep inside… my calm had already cracked.

Because the soul I once felt in my prayers… the name I had carried silently in my heart… was here.

Later, I stepped outside for a moment.

Just as I opened the door, Jannat entered — eyes lowered, avoiding mine.

A smile escaped me.

What kind of girl was she? So shy, yet somehow pulling me closer without saying a word.

Night began to fall.

Jannat left for her house, Noor went along with her.

I stayed back.

Noor messaged me later. We talked a little, then she said she was going to sleep.

I wished her goodnight.

But my mind refused to rest.

Noor had called me here… yet my thoughts were with Jannat.

I didn't understand myself anymore.

The next morning, I decided to leave.

I told Noor I had important work, but she smiled and said, "If you go, I'll feel bad." So I stayed.

I didn't know that fate was keeping me there for a reason.

That night, everyone gathered in the large hall.

Jannat knew I was there — I could tell from the way she avoided coming inside.

The more she stayed away, the more I wanted to see her.

I stepped outside, searching for her… but

she was nowhere.

When I came back in, I froze.

There she was.

Sitting right beside Noor.

Wearing a white suit.

And in that moment… the world stopped moving.

It felt like someone had pressed pause on life itself.

The sounds in the room faded.

The air around me grew heavier, warmer, as if carrying the weight of all my unsaid words.

Five years…

Five years of imagining her face, and now

she was here, real, breathing, alive.

Her beauty was not loud — it was the quiet kind, the kind that stays in your chest long after you stop looking.

Her eyes… they didn't just look at you — they walked inside you, sat down in your heart, and stayed there.

I felt my eyes sting.

Tears wanted to fall, but I swallowed them back.

People were around.

But inside… I was already on my knees.

I couldn't look at her for too long.

It was like staring at the sun — too much, and you burn. Yet

I knew —

this was her.

The one I had loved without seeing.

Noor noticed my silence. I saw the hurt in her eyes.

But in that moment… I belonged to Jannat.

Her name meant Paradise, and now I knew why.

I wished for one thing — just one hug.

But some wishes… are meant to be carried to the grave.

Her shyness, the way she avoided my eyes — it was the

most beautiful torture I had ever known.

If Noor hadn't stopped me from leaving yesterday, I

would have missed this moment.

After some time, Jannat left.

I sat there quietly, my heart still somewhere in that white suit.

Noor kept glancing at me, and I knew… she

understood everything.

Later, she left in silence.

When she messaged me, I thanked her for stopping me yesterday.

She replied, "It's okay," but her words carried an unspoken ache.

I told her I would leave tomorrow.

She agreed. That night, I slept in peace — because I had seen her.

The next morning, I left… but my

mind was still with Jannat.

On the way, Noor messaged me.

I asked her to forgive me for not giving her the attention she deserved.

I told her I didn't know what had happened to me.

She wrote back gently, "It's okay… I understand. She was your love for five years."

Her words cut deep.

Because I knew I had hurt her too.

Now, I left everything to God.

Whatever was meant to happen… would happen.

But one truth had settled in me — Life…

would never be the same again.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Noor: The End That Feels Like A Beginning

Life never gave me peace.At every turn it felt as if joy glanced at my path and turned away, while sorrow began to walk beside my feet. I wanted to laugh, I wanted to live, but some hollow inside always consumed me. That emptiness never became a voice—only a quiet humming remained, and its name was
Jannat.

The first time Jannat's voice reached my ears, it felt like a whisper that touched the deepest parts of my heart. And when I finally saw her in white… in that instant my heart made a decision—that my love belonged only to her. Love became a kind of worship for me; I prayed her name every night, kept account of every day in her name. But love is often like a prayer: if it is answered, it brings peace; if it is unheard, it leaves a lifelong thirst. My prayers went unanswered.

Days grew longer, nights grew heavier. I stayed awake so long that my eyes learned to forget sleep. Every petition, every plea broke upon one name: Jannat. I stood amid the city's crowds yet felt deserted inside—sometimes I talked to myself, tried to console myself that perhaps tomorrow the light I longed for would come. But life moves strangely: sometimes it offers light from places you least expect. For me, that light was Noor.

At a wedding, the world around was loud and colorful— laughter, music, lamps aglow. But to me, every sound and shade was only noise. Jannat was there, and her presence stilled something inside me. I stepped away from the crowd and sat in a corner. It felt as though the whole world spun around me while my heart wandered alone in a barren desert.

Suddenly Noor sat down across from me. Her face held a smile, but her eyes bore defeat—eyes trying to hide their secret, yet the secret escaped in spite of herself. I put my hand in my pocket; my heart raced, my breath caught, and a strange restlessness hid itself inside me.

I asked quietly, ―Noor… are you all right?‖

She smiled, but there was bitterness in it. —Yes, I'm fine…‖ Her voice trembled, betraying the lie. Then she said, —Leave me be, tell me what's yours—why did you come and sit so suddenly?‖I answered in a low voice, —Sometimes a person prefers to be alone in a crowd… and maybe Jannat's presence today is forcing me into solitude.‖

—Noor asked, —So Jannat is still in your heart?‖I said, —Yes, perhaps… Jannat has taken hold of my heart—her grip won't let me out.‖ Saying it made my lips tremble; it felt like I was laying bare the secret of my soul before a stranger.

Noor listened, pain plain on her face. Then, in a single instant, everything broke: tears fell and words pierced me like arrows—she said aloud what I had been pushing down, what I could never bring myself to say.

—I love you, Imran. The thought of losing you chokes me. You have always wandered in Jannat's shadow, and I… I have been burning, waiting for you. I endured, I was patient… but now the burden is too heavy. Why, Imran? Why do you chase after someone who was never truly yours?‖

Her words struck my chest. I felt my own helplessness—and with it, the confession of my weakness. I had turned my love into a sacred image and, under its shadow, closed my eyes to the life standing before me. Jannat was my prayer, but Noor was the reality in front of me—and perhaps I had been running from that reality.

Her voice trembled and broke. Tears rolled down her cheeks to the floor. The echo of those tears dropped lightning inside my

heart, and I could not escape it. I realized how many times I had neglected Noor—not maliciously, perhaps out of fear, perhaps because I was trapped in curiosity about the past. But now the anguish in her eyes proved the cost of my silence.

In that moment I understood that some tears are precious. They wash away memories, erase wounds, and bury past loves.
Noor's tears were like that. I reached out and took her hand. The touch moved my very soul. I said softly, ―Noor, your tears mean more to me than death. From this day on, in my heart, in my world, there will be no other. Only you… and always.‖

My words broke the silence, but there was also a flicker of regret, because I knew words could change yet time cannot be reclaimed. I admitted my failure: ―I made you wait too long, and the fears inside me caused you pain. Forgive me—I will become the man who values you.‖

Noor looked at me. For the first time, a light shone in her eyes—one that split through my darkness. She asked, ―Is this true, Imran?‖I bowed my head and said, ―This is the greatest truth.‖

At that moment I learned that love is not only about holding on; sometimes it's also about letting go—letting go of the past so that a home may be built in the present. Jannat had been my prayer, but Noor was my truth. Reality taught me that love is not what breaks the heart; love is what makes it a home.

Noor did not just become my love… she became my peace.I straightened my spine, gripped her hand tighter, and vowed— not only to honor this moment but to try to erase the pain I had caused.

Because now I knew that whatever life had taken from me must not be wasted; the one who waited for me, I would carry in every breath.

When we embraced, the past still bore dark marks upon our necks, but the future promised a new morning—one in which we would walk together, one in which we would honor the pain but refuse to let it rule our joy.

In conclusion: I may have lost Jannat in my heart, but Noor gave me the peace I once only dreamed of. I, Imran, acknowledge that life tested me severely—but if any gift remained after that test, it was you, Noor. My life, my guide, my new world.